

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldest read a lesson that will keep thy heart from failing and thy soul from sleep, go to the words and wills.—Longfellow.

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D. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
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Will practice throughout Pocahontas county.

Those needing his services will please communicate by letter and make appointments to suit convenience.

CINCINNATI TO MEMPHIS.
THE RIVER ROUTE—PLACES OF INTEREST.

Scenes on the Mississippi—A Storm and a Tie-up.

In the fall of '96, while on the wharf in Cincinnati, my attention was called to a big stern-wheel steamer being hurriedly loaded by about 50 roustabouts.

If you have never been down the Mississippi on a steamer you can have no idea what a fine trip it is to set out on the top deck and see the fine plantations, the pretty farm houses, and in the fall to see the great white fields of cotton. At night the search light on the steamer thrown up the hillsides lightening up the country and giving flash light pictures, sometimes in the radiance of the light you can see droves of cattle browsing away at the verdant fields, sometimes it is standing on a log cabin and you can see little picnics, old gray haired uncles and fat black mammas all looking at the boat and a long lanky dog who mistakes the big light for the moon and sets up the most heart rendering howls and makes one wish he had a good gun.

We reached Louisville, Ky., early the following morning, took on some more freight and passengers and then started on our trip. There are three locks at Louisville, the River being too rough and dangerous for boats to navigate. There is a big channel to one side with what is called locks, in going down the boats run into the first one and then the water is run from this one into the second until the water in the two are level and then the large gates are thrown open and the boat passes on into the second lock when the same thing is repeated until you get through all three. It takes a boat about two hours to go through.

The next town of importance after leaving Louisville is Evansville, Ind., a large city with brick and asphalt pavements, pretty dwellings, fine business houses, a magnificent government building, etc. The boat stopped at Evansville about an hour loading and unloading, during which time the passengers took the opportunity to take a stroll in the city.

Resuming our trip on South we soon came to Paducah, Ky., which is a pretty little town near the Tennessee line, here I saw more pretty girls congregated in town than it has ever been my pleasure to see anywhere else, the town is noted for its pretty girls.

After leaving Paducah we soon reached Cairo, Ill., a town in former years known for its wickedness, where gambling, licentiousness and bowl-houses flourished in the green bay tree, but in later years it has lost its bad reputation. South-bound steamers always takes on a full cargo of coal, filling their bunkers to overflowing, as Cairo is at the mouth of the Ohio and after the boats pass into the Mississippi they have to pay a much higher price for their coal. The boat loaded on coal for about three hours, and then lashing a coal barge to her side pulled out with all of her roustabouts still at work carrying coal from the barge until it was emptied, then the barge was cut loose and tied up to the bank, leaving it to be picked up by a long carrying barge.

We then passed into the great Mississippi noted for its length, the flood she causes when overflowing her banks, which are very high and steep. The channel is changeable, caused from the bottom being of sand which shifts from one side of the river to the other, and a pilot has to feel his way along by taking measurements, occasionally, by means of a lead-line.

We soon reached Corinthville, Ark., where I saw the first bales of cotton I ever saw being loaded on a St. Louis bound steamer. The negroes were working like mad loading the cotton with a mate standing over them with a large stick, and every time

a negro slackened his speed he was terribly cursed and if that didn't make him hurry up he was knocked down with the stick, (this is a fact, I saw two knocked down and beaten by that mate in a half hours time, they were big burly negroes, but got up and went to work, not saying anything back to the mate.) By talking with other passengers I found out that that was the usual way for steamboat mates in the South to treat the roustabouts.

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Upon entering the car for Beard an unexpected diversion was found to be on the schedule. The passengers were favored with a reverse ride at leisurely speed to where a side-tracked car was standing covered from the wheels on both sides, front and rear with gilded letters setting forth the attractions of Indian Bill's Wild West National Entertainment and after a series of abortive efforts to couple, by which the writer was well shaken up, the imposing, pretentious advertising car was finally hitched on and away all speeded towards the setting sun. The time was once when the presence of Indians would have occasioned panic, weeping and dread of bloody scenes throughout the Greenbrier Valley; now that the prospect of Indians coming soon is anticipated as the crowning pleasure of the season, by all the devotees of pleasurable diversion, Indian Show day cannot come too soon now. How times do change and we change with them. In due time Beard was reached nestled amid meadows, cornfields and orchards and flanked by the gently flowing Greenbrier. A polite young loiterer about the station pointed out the way to Mrs. Nannie Beard's he called my attention to a by-way leading to a sugar maple when the main road would be reached, follow that until another road switched off to left, take that and you will soon be there. The path to the Maples led through a brushy thicket and soon as I entered the same I was confronted by Sydney McCoy, wielding an ugly looking pitchfork with a broken handle, Sydney is a pleasant looking half grown lad, and seemed to be pleased with the idea of looking dangerous and to relieve my fears took pains to explain he was just plowing some brush his big brother was cutting. "Sydney what do you follow for a living?" "O nothing much but moving so as to be quiet here where all is so sweetly quiet and reposeful now. After a bountiful dinner was served and enjoyed by those who were present, the refreshments were to be asked me. This seemed to be construed as simply fishing for hard questions and I got them. And let me pipe a note of warning to those contemplating a visit to this region to get posted so as to give a list of the places David went to while refugees from King Saul, and in what respects the characters of Saul the King and Saul of Tarus resembled what King shot arrows, and what King killed another King with an arrow and what other King seemed to repent, without a permanent change in disposition. Unless something like this be done, he will not find much ice to cut, as a lecturer or preacher.

Before preaching time a splendid audience had gathered from the hills and the dales, such as would justify the best efforts any living speaker could make, and not to do so would be serious mistake.

Mounting the strong white horse he led over for my use, and for Nelson as my guide we were soon climbing the steep and rugged byways up the mountain whence one of the most beautiful birds-eye prospects of the Little Levels can be had, so far as is known. It would take a book to contain all that Nelson talked about and what I thought about while climbing the mountain, threading the shaded paths and roads across the broad summit and down the western slopes to his home in the Jacox Valley. Nevertheless I will say something about what was called to mind by a mountain side home that was passed during the ascent. Fifty five years ago while canvassing this neighborhood as a Bible collector I came to a home where there was a very sick young person. She had been quite an invalid for quite a while and her prospects for recovery were not encouraging and what made matters worse she seemed to be in deep mental distress. She talked well and had a very sweet voice, beautiful oval features and her form seemed to have been of the finest mould. Before I left she had the mistress of the cabin home to lace me read sing and pray, thereupon the 23 Psalm was read and the hymn beginning "When languor and disease invade", was sung and afterwards I learned that she was a homeless girl such as the Author of the Vicar's daughter must have had in mind, when he was writing the well known lines.

Climbing the wire fence at the point indicated, by the unknown friend at the station, I soon came to the road that "switched" and there finding a commodious well shaded stump, I availed myself of its inviting comforts and while jutting down several pages of these notes, three teams with tremendous logs passed. Then Sheriff Collison and he gave me to understand he had nothing against me but "good will" and then came J. F. Darnell from Boyer, inquiring the way to the Jacox saw mill and soon after

I found too late that men betray, What charm can soothe her melancholy, What art can wash her guilt away? To hide her shame from every eye

folly

Miss Georgia Ligon and Myrtle Varner, accompanied by Yancey Ligon and George Hanna, visited Mrs. Dr. McClintic last week, at Academy. Yancey Ligon has since returned to Kentucky.

AN EXCURSION.

TO SOUTHERN POCOHONTAS.

A Reminiscence of 1861.—The Journey Across Droop.

August 28, 1903 is in the memory of some as one of the warmest days of the present phenomenal summer, in the way of climatic extremes. All seemed cool and dry enough about the Marlinton station during the 15 minutes wait for the 3:45 train.

Two old confederates met with friendly greetings when a spectator observed, I suppose you fought, bled and died together in the great war. Well only in part we fought some, but bleeding and dying were just the things we didn't want to do and didn't any more than could be helped.

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To give repentance to her lover, And wring his bosom—is to die."

For fear my readers may think I am in the habit of exaggerating matters, I will not try to describe the charming reception that awaited me at the home of Nelson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hill, and of the hours that passed in convalescence, sacred song and bible study. Mr. Hill had me go with him to the old Morrison Mill one of the most unique structures of the kind no doubt anywhere in West Virginia, and in its time a great convenience to the neighborhood. The death of its builder and owner Thomas Morrison, Dec. 1860 is one of the strangest and most pathetic incidents that ever happened to any one of his calling in our county and the particulars may be given some other time. At the hour for Sabbath School Bro. Hill and myself made the short uphill walk to Jacox church, located in a remarkably picturesque situation and one is impressively reminded of what is said of a central place for worship of so many ages, "beautiful for situation is Mt. Zion, on the sides of the north," Mack Simmons, superintendent of Sabbath School and Prof. Snedegar conducted the Bible class. Upon declining complimentary invitations to take a leading part in the exercises, I became a scholar with the understanding no hard questions were to be asked me. This seemed to be construed as simply fishing for hard questions and I got them. And let me pipe a note of warning to those contemplating a visit to this region to get posted so as to give a list of the places David went to while refugees from King Saul, and in what respects the characters of Saul the King and Saul of Tarus resembled what King shot arrows, and what King killed another King with an arrow and what other King seemed to repent, without a permanent change in disposition. Unless something like this be done, he will not find much ice to cut, as a lecturer or preacher.

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Services over Adam Young now took me in hand and getting in his surrey along with his family his spanking team of trusty bays carried us safely and rapidly to his nice home standing on the rim of extinct volcanic crater, fragments of the lava, can be picked up as matters of curiosity, suggestive however of the terrible conflict of the elements that must have been once waged here where all is so sweetly quiet and reposeful now. After a bountiful dinner was served and enjoyed by quite a number of guests besides the family and all had become quiet, the parents arranged for the baptism of their three children, Henry, John and Anna. Six lovely children have been born in this home but the good Shepherd has taken three to himself. This being so there was something very pathetic in the words that were read and briefly commented on about Jesus taking little children in his arms blessing them and saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for such is the kingdom of God." Three on earth and three in heaven they cannot come to us but we cannot go to them. Just as the sun was going down Mr. Young hooked up his team and a most enjoyable drive was had to Lobelia five miles away for an 8 o'clock service.

An immense audience was waiting, such as rarely assemble for an ordinary Sabbath night service. The Key note of the services was sounded when all the people sang as Lobelia congregations can sing.

To serve the present age My calling to fulfill O may it all my powers engage To do my master's will."

There is no tradition of a soldier having been buried there, and the conclusion is that, the remains were those of one of Washington's followers killed in a fight with the Indians.

Morgan Town News.

Commissioners' Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Va., rendered at the April term 1903 thereof in the chancery cause of H. A. Yeager